Our Animal Department

By Roy L. McCardell. Something New! Something True! Will You Join?



reason day. While

mals and almost everybody

else is endeavoring to oust him, and the hostlers, inspectors, drivers and veterinary surgeons are voting for the old man, and the ladies, who are to the rescue at every instance of Ill-treatment of animals, are neglecting their humane efforts in holding indignation meetings protesting against the Haines dynasty in the S. P. C. A., some one must look after our animal friends. I will do it, Have you a friend who is an animal? If so send me his name and address. Do you know any touching dog tales? Write me and tell me about your cat.

en's Pages," "Children's Corners," "National Guard Notes," "Auto Echoes," "Heart-Throb Hints" and so on. Why shouldn't animals be noticed, even if the S. P. C. A. forgets they exist? All right! Here goes for an ANIMAL ANNEX!

Fido.

To the Editor of The Evening World's Animal Annex: For the last two years I have kept a dear little doggie and a cute little out together in my beautiful and pacious apartments in a Harlem flat. And despite unpleasant people who complain of both because the dear creatures romp at night, we have been very happy. And Tootsle, that is the cat, and Fido, the dog grieved to find that some evil-disposed person had broken one of dear little Tootsie's front legs in the and a trained nurse at once and had the poor little sufferer carefully put to bed. Fido was disconsolate and he would sit by Tootsie's side all day brushing away the flies and reading to the patient invalid something moral and improving from the aporting pages of the afternoon papers. He would allow no one else sweet ananieis, but there are such rudest way. I called in the doctor sporting pages of the afternoon papers. He would allow no one else to administer her medicine or give her the little delicacies I had prepared for her. In fact, I could have dispensed with the trained nurse had it not been for the fact that her costume matched the wall paper in the parlor so perfectly. I cannot bear to tell you of the distress Fido evinced when the doctor informed us that our sweet little kittle would be slightly lame for life unless she completely recovered in course of time. As the expense of having a trained nurse was considerable Fido further surprised me by serving a life you are found of pets send us in a little would be supprised me by serving a life you are found of pets send us in

T is not only rhyme but say the S. P. C. A. has had its fighting to

John P. Haines teep the presidency of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-

The papers devote space to "Wom-

The Convalescent Cat and Her Friend • • • This Log Was Kept by Noah's Third Son, JAPHET, and is Here By Mrs. Fuller-Twaddle. Turned Into Versified Vernacular by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. . . .

> MAYBE you think I like this rain? Dids't ever live, in winter time, In Own-Your-Home-ville's bracing clime? And have the water pipes all bust And have the botter emash its crust,

Best Books for Beasts and Birds.

And have the bathing overflow When you were in the room below? Well, that combined home-waterfall Ain't in it with this Flood at all. I wallow wildly 'round the deck While waterspouts explore my neck. Sta feet of water in the hold Has given all the Zoo a cold. The only wetter thing in sight Is Broadway bars on pay-day night.

This morning as we floated by.

Out ewam old Sheriff Naphtali

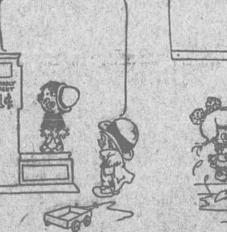
And tried to scramble up on deck. But Father grabbed him by the neck, "Free List is Perm'nently Suspended!" Says Naphtall: "Two come to hale One Noah to the County Jall For conjuring up this measly flood." To reach the County Jall alive Would take a menty-fathom dive. There's too much down upon the clover. Just paddle back and think it over.

Saying, 'twist wrath and sorrow blended: Says Father: "Friend, your name is Mud. - Dougay

In other words," he says, says he-"You for the blithesome Twenty-three! The law don't scare me very badly, You prehistoric Mister Hadley!
As Rogers (Happy Hank) would say.
This Ark's my '26 Broadway.
I'd ask you to have a drink,
But such a load might make you sink."
Naph, saw his visit was a fizzle, His language made the scater etzele.
(And him with such a pious training!)
Say! Did I mention that it's raining? (For further details see Wednesday's Even World, this page.)

nover disease. The other day I was tor bills and still had enough left to It Happened in Kidland By W. F. Marriner





The Lady—Oh, you're too kind!

"So your mother says you must be wrong! I only make any good resolution on New Year?

"The Lady—Oh, you're too kind!

"So your mother says you must be wrong! I only the Lady—Oh, you're too kind!

"So your mother says you must be wrong! I only the Lady—Oh, you're too kind!

"The Lady—Oh,





THE LOG OF NORH'S ARK & Period By Walt McDougall. IIIn and Ou Wof the Theatre

"shows" she would like to see she will find him well.

TWO-CENT postage stamp, with "Jr." written on the picture of George Washington and "Success to you!" penned on the other side, was sent by Wells Hawks to George M. Coman on the opening night of "George Washington, Jr." Mr. Cohan was ad-CHARLES DARNTON. vised he could procure more printing of the same kind by applying to the Postoffice Department. What he's wondering about is where Hawks got the stamp.

FTER a group of friends had Philadelphia Bulletin, "we use an in-A given him a birthday "surprise" teresting and classic form of speech.

at Brown's the other night Manager George Kingsbury, of the Hippodrome, happened to remember that they drome, happened to remember that they were two months shead of time, or ten months late, he wasn't sure which.

Barcasm at once began to flow like called their salarium (sal-sait), or sait

butchers' plot against vegetarianism, and when we say a man is not worth he suspects, and he declines to be butchered. It is only fair, perhaps, that he paying wages to." should have something to say about the matter, just as Mark Twain did when he sent word that the news of his death was grossly exaggerated.

A LL sorts of people continue to have something to say about the alive-and-forever-kicking G. B. S. The Literary Digest notes that the shortcomings of Shaw as a dramatist are analyzed by Augustus Filon in the Revue des deux Mondes (Paris), Mr. Filon admits that Shaw is capable of attracting to the theatre a new section of the ublic, but doubts if he will be able to hold the habitual playgoers. He is a "literary anarchist," whose system "consists in maying no system," Another complaint is that Shaw ignores the "dramatic situation." or when he does not ignore it, "exaggerates it into a farce and drowns it in a burst of laughter." His portrayal of women is estonishingly brilliant, says Mr. Filon, but he adds that a gallery of portraits does not make a play. The title of reformer, which Mr. Shaw himself claims, is denied him by his French critic, who sees in him morely an iconoclast—a comparatively harmless iconoclast—a comparatively harmiess iconoclast. however, who has, up to the present, "broken only a few cheap to get even with that hateful Jones plaster casts of the statues of pur implications of the statues of the

POREMOST among the important Shew," continues the writer, "is simply questions to which Tyette Gull- the expression of the ideas, the senti bert will give her attention while men's and the fancies of Bernard here is "Why does a chicken cross the Shaw. We sometimes ask if his north street?" To find the answer, she will springs from English humor or frish go to the Grand Opera-House some wit. It really seems at times an innight this week and learn the truth ternal joke, an explosive reaction from from Mr. Lew Dockstader. When asked his long labors in pournalism."

by Manager Charles Frohman what It is to be hoped that these few lines.

show and Monsieur Cohan." She shook her head at "The Duel." What she wanted was something purely American, and she yearned particularly for Dockstader and Cohan. She is cr-r-azee to tell the folks at home about 'em.

TWO-CENT postage stamp, with "Jr." written on the picture of

WHEN we say a man is not philician his malt"

"The word salarium, meaning salt money or allowance for salt, later in money or allowance.

"The word salarium, meaning salt money or allowance for salt, later in was applied to the fees or tips mean got for odd jobs. For patching my togal, the noble said, I will give that fellow I salarium—a bit of money to buy salt with."

"Finally, salarium" came to mean wages, salary, what it does to-day, a salary is, resentially, salt money, butchers' plot agrainst veretarianism, and when we say a man is not worth allowance.

Horrid Creature.



An Accommodating Witness.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

"No levky," said the lawyer, "Now, Presbyterian, Nary one of us was ever sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the Friends. He's an old-time Baptist, with-

Took many a drink with him at the

"Witness," said the magistrate, acsording to the New Orleans Times, "you must answer the questions put to you."
"Great Scot! Hain't I been doin' it? Let him fire away. I'm all ready." "Co about the bush any more. You and Wilness retires, muttering: "Well if the prisoner have been friends?"

he and the the the chick-headest lawyer I ever "Never," promptly responded the wit-

"Do you know the prisoner well?" ness,
"What! Weren't you summoned here
"Never know him ill," replied the wit-"No. sir. I was summoned here as a

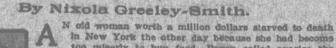
> "Stand down," yelled the lawyer, in disgust. "Hey?"

"Stand down!"
"Can't do it. Til sit down or stand "Constable, remove the man from the

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

THE OLD LADIES' PASSION.



A in New York the other day because she had become too miserly to buy food. Byron called avarice the good old gentlemanly vice. But, as a matter of fact, there are more old women than old men addicted to it. The fury of money is of all human passions the least explicable, for it admits of absolutely no return of any sort, destroying the value of that which it heards by placing

the beyond the exercise of power or usefulness. The drunkard gets at least momentary pleasure from the bottle he grains, the man or woman who sacrifices everything to love has always a period, however brief, of compensating aweetness. But the miser suffers hunger and pain and darkness for the mere joy of soraping together money, the only value of which is in the exchange he will not permit. For he never saves with any notion beyond

that of saving. Only those who have known misers realize the extent their love of money

I once lived in the same apartment-house with a woman miser. It was quite nice place, and the only reason she lived there was backuse she bward it and take place, and the only trason are lived tasts was because she owned it and a dich't cost her anything. She was a widow worth man frum grip on her she sands, and that as the fron hand of avarice had gotton a farm grip on her she fell in love. And the struggle between the young woman's passion of love and the old woman's passion of avarice was worderful and ridiculous to witness.

Love sometimes tured her to ask the idea of her soul to luminon. But her put two cups of water in the soup." And once when an structed promits from the dising-room on the beloved arm she excussed herself for a moment to go the distinction and near in a strong whisper. Due he sat us the bear?"

While under the influence of the tander passion she opened her purse ac fast to seek a beauty parior to have an inturned eye straightened. But after a water for the declining to set it.

At the time and once when an expression the other day is a straightened. But after a water for the declining to set it.

At the time and discount results and then fired the rook for and remove marked and unknown to substitute the other day I saw her in the street as ranged and unknown as any "dramk and discondary" in Indication Mark on the land of the fired to see the land of the street as ranged and unknown as any "dramk and discondary" in Indication one tablespoonful of butter in a frying the scored of the most assessment of all passions and the only one think scored out that unfunctive she will startly be all the scored out that unfunctive she will startly be death.

Chreatily avarioe is the most assessment of all passions and the only one think. close consisted in going to the leitchen and saying to the cook: "Anne,

Court And I've no doubt that ultimately she will starve herself to death.

Chrotain's avarice is the most amazing of all pussions and the only one this papers and cook until smooth and thick. Beamon well seith all, peppers. lossn't pay dividends of one sort or thother.

To Glean Zinc.

Her Picture in His Watch. Dear Betty:



BALM FOR LOVERS. read like this: "I want to tell you that I thing, probably, to a dosen others; less. Speak to him, but with as much specific probably, to a dosen others; less. Speak to him, but with as much shall I do?" Simply laugh at his protestations. That indifference as you can assume. She Is So Lonesome, A Flight Figure 2.

think he does, and what shall I do?

The difference in your ages doesn't count. In fact men of his age are the most intresting. His letter meant you to infer what you did, but I advise you to wait for a more definite declaration.

A Flirty Fireman.

Destruction of the age are the about six months. During these months he has called regularly except the past six weeks. One day

BEATRICE. He Loves, but Never Calls. Dear Retry:

Do you think it is possible for a young man to love a girl who tells her so whenever ne sees her, although he never calls or writes?

P. F.



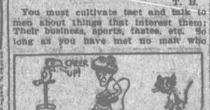
No. I do not. He says the same He has been extrem

Dear Betty:

a AM a young kid, nineteen years old,
and do not keep company with
young man. They all get mad at
me and I never see them again,
All my other girl friends are married
and I am an tonesome. But, anyhow,
I haven't seen any fellow I like vet.
T. B.

last week he jumped off a car and said the would see me Thursday might, but he never came. During this length of time he has never asked me for my company, hor has he ever spoken and words of love to me. I think a great deal of him. I would like to know if he loves me. He is one of the men who has a mane of having a sile in every street and is a fireman. D. V.

No. I am afraid he doesn't love you. He has been extramely rude and care.



attracts you you needn't worry. He

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Removating-Linens

Removation-Linens

Removation-Linens

Removation-Linens

Removation-Li

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

In B.—Perhaps of the developer is needed with it's owner, and the plain country of material is no a bleach will be neither effective nor destrable. But if your dark complexion is the result of wind or sun the following. or sun the collowing To Take the Curi Out.

A Bust Developer.



Misses' Coat and Skirt-Pattern No. 5250.

Call or send by mall to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-Obtain 1001 Band ted cents in com or stamps for each pattern or sta These IMPORTANT-Write your name and referen plainty, and atways specify size wanted.